

The Soule and Body rine not more in parting,
Then greatnesse going off.

Cleo. To'th Monument:

Mardian, go tell him I haue slaine my selfe:
Say, that the last I spoke was *Anthony*,
And word it (prythee) pittcoufly. Hence *Mardian*,
And bring me how he takes my dea'h to'th Monument.

Exeunt.

Enter Anthony, and Eros.

Ant. Eros, thou yet beholdest me?

Eros. I Noble Lord.

Ant. Sometime we see a cloud that's Dragonish,
A vapour sometime like a Beare, or Lyon,
A toward Cittadell, a pendant Rocke,
A forked Mountaine, or blew Promontorie
With Trees vpon't, that nodde vnto the world,
And mocke our eyes with Ayre.
Thou hast seene these Signes,
They are blacke Vespers Pageants.

Eros. I my Lord.

Ant. That which is now a Horse, euen with a thoght
the Racke dislimes, and makes it indistinct
As water is in water.

Eros. It does my Lord.

Ant. My good Knaue *Eros*, now thy Captaine is
Euen such a body: Heere I am *Anthony*,
Yet cannot hold this visible shape (my Knaue)
I made these warres for Egypt, and the Queene,
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine:
Which whil't it was mine, had annex't vnto't
A Million moe, (now lost:) shee *Eros* has
Packt Cards with *Casars*, and false plaid my Glory
Vnto an Enemies triumph.

Nay, weepe not gentle *Eros*, there is left vs

Our selues to end our selues.

Enter Mardian.

Oh thy vilde Lady, she has rob'd me of my Sword.

Mar. No *Anthony*,

My Mistris lou'd thee, and her Fortunes mingled
With thine intirely.

Ant. Hence sawcy Eunuch peace, she hath betraid me,
And shall dye the death.

Mar. Death of one parson, can be paide but once,
And that she ha's discharg'd. What thou would'st do
Is done vnto thy hand: the last she spake
Was *Anthony*, most Noble *Anthony*:

Then in the midd'lt a tearing grone did breake
The name of *Anthony*: it was diuided
Betweene her heart, and lips: she rendred life
Thy name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead then?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Vname *Eros*, the long dayes taske is done,
And we must sleepe: That thou depart'st hence safe
Does pay thy labour richly: Go. *exit Mardian.*

Off, plucke off,
The seven-fold shield of *Aiax* cannot keepe
The battery from my heart. Oh cleaue my sides.
Heart, once be stronger then thy Continent,
Cracke thy fraile Case. Apace *Eros*, apace,
No more a Soldier: bruised peeces go,
You haue bin Nobly borne. From me awhile. *exit Eros*
I will o're-take thee *Cleopatra*, and
Weepe for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is Torture: since the Torch is out,
Lye downe and pray no farther. Now all labour

Marrs what it does: yea, very force entangles
It selfe with strength: Scale then, and all is done.

Eros? I come my Queene. *Eros?* Stay for me,
Where Soules do couch on Flowers, wee'l hand in hand,
And with our sprightly Port make the Ghostes gaze:
Dido, and her *Aeneas* shall want Troopes,
And all the haunt be ours. Come *Eros*, *Eros*.

Enter Eros.

Eros. What would my Lord?

Ant. Since *Cleopatra* dyed,

I haue liu'd in such dishonour, that the Gods
Detest my basenesse. I, that with my Sword,
Quarter'd the World, and o're Greene Neptunes backe
With Ships, made Cities; condemne my selfe, to lacke
The Courage of a Woman, lesse Noble minde
Then she which by her death, our *Cesar* telles
I am Conqueror of my selfe. Thou art sworne *Eros*,
That when the exigent should come, which now
Is come indeed: When I should see behinde me
Th'ineuicable prosecution of disgrace and horror,
That on my command, thou then would'st kill me:
Doo't, the time is come: Thou strik'st not me,
'Tis *Cesar* thou defeat'st. Put colour in thy Cheeke.

Eros. The Gods with-hold me,

Shall I do that which all the Parthian Darts,
(Though Enemy) lost ayme, and could not.

Ant. *Eros*,

Would'st thou be window'd in great Rome, and see
Thy Master thus with pleacht Armes, bending downe
His corrigible necke, his face subdu'de
To penetratiue shame; whil't the wheel'd seate
Of Fortunate *Cesar* drawne before him, branded
His Basenesse that ensued.

Eros. I would not see't.

Ant. Come then: for with a wound I must be cur'd.
Draw that thy honest Sword, which thou hast worne
Most vifull for thy Country.

Eros. Oh sir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st y not then
To do this when I bad thee? Do it at once,
Or thy precedent Seruices are all
But accidents vnpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turne from me then that Noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world lyes.

Ant. Loe thee.

Eros. My sword is drawne.

Ant. Then let it do at once

The thing why thou hast drawne it.

Eros. My deere Master,

My Captaine, and my Emperor. Let me say
Before I strike this bloody stroke, Farewell.

Ant. 'Tis said man, and farewell.

Eros. Farewell great Chiefe. Shall I strike now?

Ant. Now *Eros*.

Killes himselfe.

Eros. Why there then:

Thus I do escape the sorrow of *Anthones* death.

Ant. Thrice-Nobler then my selfe,

Thou teachest me: Oh valiant *Eros*, what
I should, and thou could'st not, my Queene and *Eros*
Haue by their braue instruction got vpon me
A Noblenesse in Record. But I will bee
A Bride-groome in my death, and run intoo't
As to a Lovers bed. Come then, and *Eros*,
Thy Master dies thy Scholler; to do thus
I learnt of thee. How, not dead? Not dead?
The Guard, how? Oh dispatch me.

Enter

Enter a Guard.

1. *Guard.* What's the noise?

Ant. I haue done my worke ill Friends:
Oh make an end of what I haue begun.

2. The Starre is false.

1. And time is at his Period.

All. Alas, and woe.

Ant. Let him that loues me, strike me dead.

1. Not I.

2. Nor I.

3. Nor any one.

Dercetus. Thy death and fortunes bid thy folowers fly
This sword but shewne to *Cesar* with this tydings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter Diomedes.

Di. Where's *Anthony*?

Dece. There *Diomed* there.

Di. Lues he: wilt thou not answer man?

Ant. Art thou there *Diomed*?

Draw thy sword, and giue mee,
Suffring strokes for death.

Di. Most absolute Lord:

My Mistris *Cleopatra* sent me to thee.

Ant. When did shee send thee?

Di. Now my Lord.

Ant. Where is she?

Di. Lockt in her Monument: she had a Prophecying
Of what hath come to passe: for when she saw
(Which neuer shall be found) you did suspect
She had dispos'd with *Cesar*, and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was dead:
But fearing since how it might worke, hath sent
Me to proclaime the truth, and I am come
I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late good *Diomed*: call my Guard I prythee.

Di. What hoa: the Emperors Guard,
The Guard, what hoa? Come, your Lord calles.

Enter 4. or 5. of the Guard of Anthony.

Ant. Beare me good Friends where *Cleopatra* bides,
'Tis the last seruice that I shall command you.

1. Woe, woe are we fir, you may not liue to weare
All your true Followers out.

All. Most heauy day.

Ant. Nay good my Fellowes, do not please sharp fate
To grace it with your sorrowes. Bid that welcome
Which comes to punish vs, and we punish it
Seeming to beare it lightly. Take me vp,
I haue led you oft, carry me now good Friends,
And haue my thanks for all. *Exit bearing Anthony*

*Enter Cleopatra, and her Maides aloft, with
Charmian & Iras.*

Cleo. Oh *Charmian*, I will neuer go from hence.

Char. Be comforted deere Madam,

Cleo. No, I will not:

All strange and terrible euents are welcome,
But comforts we dispise; our size of sorrow
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great
As that which makes it.

Enter Diomed.

How now? is he dead?

Di. His death's vpon him, but not dead.
Looke out o'th other side your Monument,
His Guard haue brought him thither.

Enter Anthony, and the Guard.